Dallas Herald.

JOHN W. SWINDELLS, PUBLISHER. DALLAS, DALLAS COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 24, 1869. VOL. XVI, NO. 45.—WHOLE NUMBER, 816.

Dallas Herald.

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ADDRESS

Delivered in Dallas Texas, on Thursday evening, July 1, 1869, at the Examination of Professor Seales' School.

Members of the School, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Frankness demands of me to confess that the compliment passed upon me in being selected as the organ of the cause of education on this charming occasion is not ungrateful to me. But, as an accompaniment to the solicitude felt for the success of the occasion, most unfeignedly do I also confess, that my inadequacy properly to meet and respond to its expectations is painful to me.

Was it laughing Tom Moore who said that "eloquence was in the feelings?" If eloquence had respect only to the feelings, I am sure you would be overwhelmed or enraptured with a shower of beautiful reflections to night; but when it is remembered that utterance has much to do with the manufacture and expression of this inspiration to genius, with the most unaffected sincerity do I assure you that my hopes are far from sanguine.

In attracting attention to a proper education—a subject of central and vital importance to the individual and the Commonweath, if words could be brought under requisition as rich and touching as are the sentiments that yield inspiration to my emotions now, I should charm and win your spirits as if your ears were being saluted by the airy strains of the Æolian as its strings are smitten by the magical fingers of the night-winds. I would send you all home to-night smacking your lips, for very pleasure, over the entertainment and profit of the evening. Truly, Dallas has gathered here her "beauty and her wit, her piety and her poetry" if not her "chivalry," and if "soft eyes" do not "look love to eyes that speak again," at least, "all seem merry as a marriage bell," and it would delight me to produce a generous and fitting address.

It is said that before going to battle, the ancients were accustomed to propitiate the muses that better success might be awarded them and that their bloody exploits might be chronicled and perpetuated to their honor. Idolatry aside, and accepting only the poetry of the legend, would it be amiss to invoke the aid of these inspirers of poesy, eloquence and song, as we most devoutly do the presence of the All-Father, that utterance, commensurate with the demands of the hour might be administered, and that the orators lips might distil the very honey-comb of words—words of truth and love that might go dancing down the declivity of your eventful future and often whisper of duty, home and heaven.

I have delivered, I trust I may say without ostentation, a goodly number of public addresses, but no class imposes such difficulties as the class that on this occasion has called us together. By common consent, and by the patronage of the schools themselves, they are regarded as times for the fulmination of a little grandiloquent thunder—times for hanging festoons of gaudy flowers about the heads of an audience, which memory must treasure as fading flowers "all scentless and dead." Not regarding them in this light, indeed, esteeming the direction given to the sentiments of this throng at this hour as of vital interest to this community and the cause of education generally, the task is assumed and the labor begun, believe me, under far more trepidation than ordinary occasions ever inspire.

> "Don't view me with a critic's eye,
> But pass my imperfections by,"

And I shall proceed to announce, that "education," from "e" and "ducere" is made to signify the drawing out of the training and disciplining of all our powers—physical, mental and moral; it involves the idea of development, in the use of means and methods, to all these powers and in the highest degree possible to them all. And it is worthy of remark, that the education of the mental and moral of man is not possible where the physical is left without the restraints of a salutary discipline. The body must ever be regarded as the dwelling and the soul as the temporary resident;—the better the house, the more comfortable the occupant.* Many a youth, forgetting this relation, and regarding his body as nothing and the mind as everything, in his misguided and ruinous ambition, has gone home from Academic or College life a mere shadow—broken down in health, with no physical forces to expend over the further development of his mind—a sickly waif upon the breeze of his circumstances—a strand, "sails ripped and compass lost," midway life's tumultuous ocean-voyage.

The ancients, particularly the Greeks and Romans, understood this subject better than most moderns, as evinced by their games, gymnasiums and athletes. Indeed, the finest specimens of physical manhood are found among the Greek and Romans. They regarded strength of arm, speed of foot and a resultant brute courage as among the chiefest virtues; as a consequence, they cultivated their physical as an end; in our schools, however, it is understood, that we must cultivate the physical as only a means to an end. Here, in a very proper and striking light, and in most agreeablee contrast may be seen mind then and mind now. And the contrast is the more favorable to us as ordinary mind now is brought under contrast with the best mind then, since the Athenians and Latins were, educationally, in advance of their age. Who now thinks of applauding, as virtuous, that man who holds no higher claim upon your regard than a symmetrical physical manhood? At that age, clubs, sceptres, swords; the bow, lance and the battle-axe were the symbols of authority and implements of power, and might was right; sceptred men now are the men of learning, of true learning, who wield the tongue and pen and not the sword. These men wear crowns now, and the masses yield obedience to the beck of their sceptre as the needle dances to the magnet and the white-capped waves of old ocean move to the royal nod of their Lunar Queen. A few malcontents in the state and croakers in the church, who, like Epimonides, have been asleep in some cave in the mountain of ignorance for fifty years, more or less, are always talking about retrogression; that the world is growing worse; that we are going back into barbarism; that the heathenism of the Goths and Franks is to be re-enacted among us. Well, when they wake up and rub their drowsy eyes and comprehend the changes wrought since their mountain dream began, we may listen to them. Look at the ardent Menelaus and the beautiful but perfidious Helen—the courtly Anthony and the beautiful but changeful Cleopatra in contrast with Prince Albert and the modest and virtuous Queen Victoria—the wise and prudent Washington and his half royal Mary and the step forward is so grand that you are almost dizzy in making it! The truth is, the reins of progress have been thrown upon the noble neck of the electric courser, and outstripping the winds, he has left that slow-plodding age behind. The day comes and now is dawning, under the prophetic Ægis of an improved and improving educational system, wherein the physical, mental and moral in man shall be brought under an invigorating discipline, when the loving voice of the enlightened pen, and the eloquent expostulations of a peace-inspiring tongue shall drown the martial blasts of bloody revolution; when the broad and glowing disc of another sun shall make golden the already impurpling horizon of human history. We must educate, draw out, discipline the whole man, and as teachers and pupils we must learn to labor and to wait. We must not think of precipitating the end from the beginning; we must substitute the "contentio corporis" with the "contentio animi"—the might of the sword with the heaven-appointed might of truth and love, and through successive retrogressions and progressions, as "truth is mighty and will prevail," the crown of the ages will be put on yet amid the acclamations of an enraptured universe.

2. In provoking attention to the education of the mind, further, I must be allowed to insist on thoroughness, particularly in the elementary branches. Failure here, in his incipient step, is fatal and final. Obstacles at this critical point, are never entirely overcome; their shadow falls, with ominous eclipse, upon the orb of the pupil's entire educational experience. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point. A pupil ought to commence at "A" and master, completely master, the vowel sounds of his language. Only in this way can he comprehend the phylosophy and the art of vowel sounds in the pronunciation of his own vernacular. From this into good spelling—the precursor to all substantial education, the student moves with the utmost facility. Let no man be styled a scholar till he is a good speller; and yet how many self-styled or so-called scholars there are who cannot spell the very commonest words! As the pupil's acquirements expand from reading, geography and arithmetic, into the classics or higher mathematics, into the sciences or bellettres, still let thoroughness characterize every step. Let him sound and keep sounding the depths of the sea over whose yielding bosom the keel of his boat is playing; let him look narrowly into his log-book, and traversing the sky from zenith to nadir frequently find his latitude and longitude; let the ideas from every recitation be clearly cut on the horizon of his mind, and then and not till then, is he ready for advancement. Grasping what is behind, he is in a mental condition to comprehend what is before. He is then developing a hardihood and independence, with which he may move off, compass and chain in hand, across the wilderness of thought and blaze out a pathway for himself. Completing the periphery other men's thoughts, he is ready to precipitate a circle from a radius all his own. To the great pleasure of parents, he begins to repay the assiduity of his teachers with "thinking, thinking, thinking." And then what a luxury to teach such a pupil! An oasis this, in the teacher's otherwise desert life, of gushing fountains, ringing birds, shady lawns and fragrant flowers! Yes, let the teacher insist on thoroughness in every recitation, and in this as in many other respects, he must detect that, "little beginnings make great endings."

> "A pebble in the streamlet scant,
> Has turned the course of many a river;
> A dew-drop on the infant plant,
> Has warped the giant oak forever!"

3. As closely allied to thoroughness, brief mention must be made of the power of concentration as an adjuvant of no mean class to the success of any student. Concentration and thoroughness seem to stand correlated; the one implies the other. No pupil was ever thorough without concentration, and no pupil can abstract his mind from everything but the one object without some good degree of thoroughness as a preparatory to it. And yet they are not identical; one is an acquisition, almost synonymous with knowledge, the other is a power of the mind that may be augmented by effort or degraded by neglect. Some of the peripatetic and stoic philosophers were remarkable as possessing this power of mind in liberal degree. One of them deserves especial notice in this, that at his meals, he would not unfrequently forget to extend his hand for food, so lost was he in the one absorbing train of reflection. Another one, buried in the folds of the profoundest contemplation over that beautiful Geometrical problem, "The square erected upon the hypothenuse of any right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides," converging all his cultivated power upon its solution, when the light of demonstration blazed through it on his mind, in the first transports of delight over the achievement, he rushed out into the streets of Athens, shouting in the wildest delirium of joy, "I have found it, I have found it, I have found it!!" These abstractionists however, regarded this accomplishment as an end, as a felicity in itself, and so taught their pupils; but we must labor after it in our schools, as in the case of physical development, as only a means to an end—advanced mental and moral improvement. Concentration may be a little difficult of achievement at first, but effort adds to the power, till finally a sparkling river never glided more gracefully over its pebbly bed, than the pupil glides down the current of literary success. When he can walk into his room, shut his door, light his lamp, concentrate his mind fully upon his books, or as Aristotle was wont to say, "hold sweet converse with himself and his thoughts," he is already a man! The pupil cannot proceed without this quality of mind, and it is cheap at any expenditure of time and labor in acquiring it. You shall have two boys, for example, of equal age and capacity; with this quality of mind, one succeeds, and every evening writes in his diary, "labor ipse est voluptas;" the other, without it, passes through his College curriculum as a slave goaded to his task, mayhap procures his diploma and returns home a drone in society, a scholar only in name and a hopeless dunce in fact. Ponce De Leon once traversed this Continent in quest of the Fountain of Youth; he is said to have knelt, with eagerness, as the Indian legend inspired him, at every spring and quaffed of its waters; but the superstitious and misguided Spaniard died on his return tour, and this evening, his encoffined form sleeps on his alluvial pillow, his only epitaph this little patch of history, and his perpetual requiem is the sullen music from the ceaseless flow of the Father of Waters. He did not find that Fountain; poets have said that familiarity with the Muses would conduct one to it; but it ought rather to be said that thought in whatever high and earnest and virtuous forms it may manifest itself will conduct the aspirant towards it. It is a curious fact to some, though attested by observation and experience, that men of thought, profound thought, not only live longer, in the aggregate, than other men, but while farmers, mechanics, merchants, artists, lawyers, clergymen, who are in fact uneducated, their powers of mind not drawn out by thought and discipline, ordinarily die—if old age comes at all, under the clouds and imbecility of a second childhood, they, the sceptred few, most generally preserve their manhood and coherency of thought to extreme old age. Witness, if you please, Samuel Johnson, Liebnitz, Herschel, Goethe, Liebig, Humboldt, Emmons, Dequincy, Calhoun, Webster, John Wesley, Bishop Soule, and our own, "old man eloquent," Doctor Lovick Pierce, who to extreme old age, preserves the discrimination, tact and unction of his young and strong manhood, when multitudes sat for hours, charmed by the magical touch of his silvery eloquence.

Of course, in an address of this class, you would not anticipate the expansion of this idea, but in connexion with thoroughness and concentration in our educational training, it was thought eligible to this brief notice, and we bow it the most respectful adieu as the announcement is repeated, that men and women of thorough mental discipline and virtuous habits, rarely ever discover the imbecility of a second childhood.

4. In regard to the study of the Higher Mathematics and the Dead Languages, it may be expected of me to say something; and you may not be disappointed entirely; however, you may not anticipate fatigue under their treatment, as brevity is proposed. No education can be said to be complete that does not embrace them. Without them, the mind never attains to its comprehensiveness and finish; it must otherwise lack depth and power and polish. But to treat of them separately, the study of the Higher Mathematics calls into exercise and maintains the activity of that mental function entitled, casuality; it developes and strengthens the logical power, it enables a pupil to trace the end from the beginning and to see all the steps from the beginning to the end. What is Geometry, for instance, but one sublime concentration of syllogisms, diagramically presented, with their premises clearly stated, their defense forcibly met and the "hences," "consequentlys" and the "therefores" administering climax to numberless processes of demonstration? Better than Hedge, Whately or Hill is the study of the Higher Mathematics—particularly the geometrim series, and the severer branches of an education related immediately to them. Without any wish after ostentatious parade or personal aggrandizement, the post which I am invited to day will permit me to say, that whatever of logical skill, whatever of compactness or correctness of reasoning my written productions or extemporaneous efforts may exhibit—and none feels their want of coherency more than myself, is tracable mediately or immediately to an early and hearty mastery of the geometric connexions of an education. If I were required to proscribe a course of logic to a student, it should be done in two words, The Legendre!

And in the study of Mathematical Science, the devout student can almost move along the burning path and get right up under the flowing robes of Omnipotence. He gets almost within sight of Creations glowing forge, from which have been rolled, in the profoundest order, though flaming with inimitable glory, the uncounted orbs that obediently circumvolve the Sun, or gleam in light about other centres in the immensurable dominions of the All-Father. Newton's great soul must have been impressed with this conviction when he gave utterance to that immortal sentence, reproduced by Young, "an undevout astronomer is mad."

Perhaps the sublimest discovery of mathematical science in modern times is that of Levernier, who, in his studio, before his telescopes were directed thither, by the appication of imperial mathematics, determined the place of an orb he could announce but could not see. At his solicitation, one of his pupils mounted the observatory, and traversing, with his telescope the indicated arch of the heavens, returned the answer, "not found sir." The philosopher remanipulated his diagrams, took the dimensions and distances of the known worlds, and one more time passed through the undeviating sweep of mathamatical demonstration with the same results. "Look again sir," he confidently enjoined, "look again, sir;" and upon a second observation, sure enough, there it was, like a sparkling thing of life, laughing and dancing on the rim of creation—holding in its invisible fingers a wisp of gravitation's mysterious strings, and thus equipoising our our system; and from the burning lips of this new member to the stellar family were gushing strains that melted into the beautiful minstrelsy of the skies, every note of whose swelling diapason was a burst of praise to Him whose hand had formed and strung that glittering Lyre.

It was the eye of Copernicus, a mathematician, that first saw the Sun in the centre of the starry host, with innumerable worlds submissively and systematically ratating about that central orb of fire. In apposition to the edicts of the Roman Catholic Church, Galileo, his pupil, had demonstrated and published the medial position of the Sun and the rotary motion of the earth and her sister planets. He was brought before a church judicatory and presented with the alternative of recantation or death. Life was sweet to the philosopher, and so he knelt at the altar, and in recanting, swore that the earth was the centre and that the Sun, Moon and Stars all went flying around it. Kissing the bible, he returned home under a clear blue sky at night, and as he weepingly looked up at the glittering panorama of whirling worlds, all trembling with pulsations of glory, he turned to his friend and sobbed out, "this hand just now said that the earth stands still, but it does'nt—it turns over—it does turn over!" and I will add and it turns the infallible Pope over with it! But a truce now to our meditations upon the beautiful utterances of Nature's golden volume as interpreted by mathematical science, and with your permission, we will pay our respects to the Dead Languages and see what profit, if any, arises to the pupil from their study. Evidently, the first and great benefit accruing to the pupil from their study is found in the enlargement of his vocabulary. Language is regarded as the vesture of our thoughts, or more properly perhaps, as urged by a late metaphisical writer, as the incarnation of our ideas.

Originally, it is quite possible, that gesticulation was the principal vehicle to human ideas, till the Adamic vocabulary feel, fresh-coined, from the mint of the Creator's gracious lips. This germ of a vocabulary was, most likely, composed of words few, simple but comprehensive; enough however, to communicate to the wheel of thought its wonted rotary motion. Thought, in its processes and combinations, would manufacture new ideas, and new ideas in turn would demand the enlargement of the vocabulary, and so on in this natural, and if I may so express it, this philosophical way, language has accumulated until now, when "Webster's Unabridged," embracing nearly all the ideas of both continents, is one of the largest volumes in our largest libraries. The first generations of men could not have stood on tip-toe and touched the knee of the present lingual colossus. To them, it would have stood like that far-famed statue, at the harbor of the Rhodes, between whose extended limbs the ship of thought might sail into port for ages. But, not enlarging on this idea, lest I administer an anodyne to your already weary perceptives, I wanted to say farther, that among all the dead languages, no one furnishes the English student with so many lingual aids as the Latin. In lexicographic structure, there is a greater homogenity between it and the English. It seems to be more cognate to our own; and of consequence, there is a more numerous family of English words of Roman parentage, than from any other buried speech. When the Latin furnace is at white heat, the liquid metal seems to flow, with the utmost facility, into English moulds. Perhaps the time may not be remote when the Latin may be the only unspoken language that shall take post in our college curriculums. But we are to study the dead languages, not only for the enlargement of our vocabulary, but that we may polish and make it more discriminating. This proposition, in itself, is worthy of being expanded into an entire address, but we must be content, to-night, with little, more than a bare mention of it. And, as an illustration of our purpose under this head, take the two English words, "benevolent" and "beneficent." They must be regarded as claiming parentage with the two Latin words, "bene-volo" and "bene-facio," the two words in their order representing the two ideas of "wishing well" and "doing well." Accordingly, the discriminating use of these two words, "benevolent" and "beneficent" is more readily acquired and acquired with more certainty and greater exactness by first understanding their origin in in that grand old Roman tongue. Hence all benevolent men are not necessarily beneficent men, and all beneficent men are not necessarily benevolent men. Some are benevolent that can't be beneficent, and some again are beneficent, for reasons of gain, that are not benevolent, since they possess not the virtues of heart that inspire benevolence.

If you extend only tears and sympathy to that maimed beggar at your door, you may be benevolent, but if you clothe his naked limbs, fill his extended basket with bread and supply his depleted purse with a penny for subsequent needs, you are beneficent, as well.

Take one more example in the words "apprehend" and "comprehend"—the former, from its origin, signifying only to take hold of, as with the hand, the latter signifying to take in, as in the embrace. Hence we may apprehend a question we do not comprehend, and when we comprehend a question, we more than apprehend it. Our apprehension of a subject never comprehends our comprehension of it; and our comprehension of a subject always comprehends our apprehension of it.—The returning son, fresh from college and virtue, may be regarded as apprehended by the mother when she extends only a manipular greeting to him; but he is comprehended when she throws her maternal arms about him, convulsively presses him to her delirious heart, stuns his ears with a thousand sobbing welcomes, and deluges his virtuous cheeks with a shower of sparkling tears and raptuous kisses. Ah, "a word *fitly* spoken, how good is it!" and yet many select them for use as a thief, pursued, would seize upon the first articles in a vast store-house, where, with care and leisure, he might have selected from an endless variety.—Thought may flash or feeling may flow from the tongue or pen—all in words; they may utter dispassionate reasoning or glow with impetuous emotion; carelessness may saunter along with its shoes untied, or neatness may go tripping observantly with its face mashed and new gown on to church; or even distress may kneel down and hold up its importunate hands and sob out its weeping entreaty to you, *all in words*. But mark it, in order to this, a comprehensive and discriminating use of these delicate things must be acquired; and it is confidently submitted, that the study of the dead languages, particularly the Latin, may be made auxiliary, largely auxiliary, to this very desirable end.

Permit me, in leaving this head, in few words, to refer to composition,—the art and practice of reproducing our ideas on paper—a department of our school systems decidedly too much neglected. It stands as an ineffaceable conviction on my mind, that regular instructions ought to be tendered to composition, as to any other classes; and that these instructions ought to embrace lectures on the etymology of the words employed by the different writers of the different essays; that the most constant attention ought to be attracted to the differences, distinctions, discriminations between words, growing out of their origin in the classic tongues. Talk about Anglo Saxon words as much as we please, there are distinctions arising in the sciences of the day and in exquisite analytic, or descriptive literature, for which, as vehicles, Anglo Saxon words are wholly unequal. I can't enlarge upon this head any farther than to say, that there is bestowed upon the Theory, the Art and the Practice of Composition in our schools a decided and injurious neglect.

Having been so patient with me thus far, I must dare to afflict you with the consideration of only one more point, the education of the *moral* character, and I have done.—And though the reflections under this head must be *last*, I am exceedingly solicitous that every member of this throng should regard them as *first* in point of importance. It is matter of great concern and profound astonishment, that our schools, too generally, either ignore or neglect the means of moral culture.—The school room and fire-side of to-day combined, rather than the pulpit and the press, are forming the popular mind. The pulpit is intended to supply, so far as may be, the lack of moral ideas expressed and enforced in the parental and scholastic relations. "We must educate, we *must* educate" is the shout of the multitude, as if education, in "forming the common mind" necessarily made it any better; a common phrenzy this, I presume here to rebake. There is nothing directly moralizing, nothing inherently conservative in purely intellectual acquisition. All purely mental accomplishment is destructive just in ratio as it diverges from the line of moral truth,—else we would expect to find the most cultivated men the best men. Intellectual and moral ideas both have a history, and yet they are not identical, any more than thinking right and right thinking are identical. Intellectual ideas cohere in forming the chain of right thinking; moral ideas interlink in forming the chain of thinking right. A man may be a literary Hercules therefore, and all his forces be sadly destructive. A man's life is a cheerless blank unless he be morally educated. It were better for him had he never been born. I most unequivocally believe, since the child is the minature of the man, that as an auxiliary of vast power in forming the moral character of the children of this generation on a right basis, the teacher ought to be a man of unclouded reputation and of the most inexorable moral purpose. I unequivocally believe that he ought to labor directly to build up and give permanency and power to the moral character of his pupils. And in doing this, he need not be a sectarian, in the mean sense of that term, as a man's creedal opinions singly or in the aggregate, do not form the principle of this religion—*love to God and to man!* I ask with the emphasis of ardour, *what is a man worth without moral character?* A teacher ought to remember, and let the memory of it burden his soul with solicitude, that he is sweeping his fingers across heart strings that must vibrate to his touch when creation's harp strings are broken and their last echo is slumbering on the bosom of eternity. And the *pupil* should labor under the conviction, that

> "Life is *real*, life is *earnest*,
> And the grave is not its goal;
> Dust thou art—to dust returnest
> Was *not* spoken of the soul!"

He should be inspired to study wite moral motives presiding continually over his literary toil. Let him keep his affections transferred to the source of truth and love,—let him never divorce his studies from the thought of his accountability to God, and the very sky will bend down to him and throw its arms of light around him! He shall then move among his fellows with an air of majesty, and directly, the community whose atmosphere he breathes, shall rock to his very foot-fall! His life will attract divinity to itself; and he leaves foot prints on this old world that the waves of emerging generations shall never wash out! One hand resting, with spreading palm, upon his text books, and the other upon the book of books, "God's best gift, save one, to man," and his eye turned upon the blazing throne of the last judgment, how grand he stands before us, conscious of his own unapproachable unity and progression personality! Over him, in the hands of angels, as witnesses of the soul's sublimest encrownment, is suspended an arch more beautiful than that fairy thing that spans the frowning sky-forge, from which are hurled the bolts that roll thundering down the resounding cliffs of the storm cloud. With his moral motives continually reinforced, let him be impressed that the good he achieves is immortal—that the resultant benefit to himself and others is to continue when this old world turns, with tottering step and bending form to lie down in the grave of the past,—when creation's death-dirge is sounded and every gem has faded from the blazing coronal on the brow of imperial Night. Oh, had I the gift and unction of eloquence, I would sway your spirits with her magical wand for once. In urging you to a life of intellectual and moral effort, my attitude should be expostulations and my words should be as tender as the notes of the lute, as fragrant as the balmy air of an April evening, as sweet as a kiss from the lips of love and as soft as the velvety palm of an angel's hand. Electric speech, if need be, should leap head long from my mouth and burn a path of fire upon your memories that would ever recall your high born moral destiny. Let me beg you, as I wave you the kindest possible adieu, not to be overcome by trifles in your efforts after literary and moral distinction. Whine like a baby and let opposition appal you, and you are not worth house room! Be indomitable; like Napoleon, scale the menacing Alps if they bestride your path! Remember it will cost you something if you make your escapement from the herd of ciphers around you. Determine that the next generation shall be wiser and better because you have lived in this. Look aloft! let your aim be high and holy and you shall not be forgotten. Resolve not to die "unwept, unhonored and unsung" and your name shall be cherished long after the moss has gathered upon the rockers of your grave-cradle. Oh determine to be great,

> "Not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
> But only great as you are good!"

Let unyielding perseverance be your motto; meet, and like another Hercules, slay the Lernaean monster of opposition with the club of your energy, and you shall conquer! It is this spirit that "plucks *bright* honor from the pale faced Moon, dives into the deeps and drags up drowning honors by the locks!"

Longfellow was a christian as well as a poet:

> "The lives of good men all remind us,
> We may make our lives sublime,—
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

WILLIAM PITT PETTY.

*"Sana mens in sana corpore," is worth more than a passing notice!

Beecher on Early Marriage.

At no period, perhaps, in their life do young men need the inspiration of virtuous life and the sympathy of a companion in their self denying toil, as when they first enter the battle for their own support. Early marriages are permanent moralities, and deferred marriages are temptations to wickedness. And yet every year it becomes more and more difficult, concurrent with reigning ideas of society, for young men to enter upon that matrimonial state which is the proper guard of their virtue, as well as their courage and enterprise. The battle of life is almost at the beginning. There it is that a man needs wedlock. But a wicked and ridiculous public sentiment puts a man who is in society, or out of society, for that matter, largely on the ground of condition, and not of disposition and character. The man that has the means wherewith he can visibly live amply is in good society, as a general rule. The man that has virtue and stern manliness but has nothing withal external to show, is not usually considered in good society. Ambitious young men will not therefore marry until they can meet their expenses; but that is deferring for years and years the indispensable virtue. Society is bad where two cannot live cheaper than one! and young men are under bad influences who, when in the very morning of life, and better fitted than at any later period to grow together with one who is their equal and mate, are debarred from marrying for scores of years, from mere prudential considerations; and the heart and the life are sacrificed to the pocket. They are tempted to substitute ambition for love, when at last, over the ashes and expiring embers of their early romance, they select their wife. It is said that men who wait until they are forty or forty-five years of age select prudently. Alas for the wife who was not first a sweetheart! Prudence is good, but is prudence servant or queen? Prudence is good but what is prudence? It is the dry calculation of the head leagued with the pocket. Is there no prudence in taste, nor prudence in the inspiration of a generous love? Is there no prudence in the faith by which, banded, two young persons go down into the struggle of life, saying: "Come weal' come woe, come storm, come calm, love is a match for circumstances, and we will be all to each other?" Wo be to that society in which the customs and the manners of the times put off beyond the period of romance and affiancing, the wedding. You have adjourned the most important secular act of a man's life. You have adjourned it out of Eden into the wilderness.

F. J. Patillo, editor of the *Home Advocate*, Jefferson, Texas, has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars, charged with libel, preferred by Gen. Buel. The following is the specification taken from the *Home Advocate* of July 2nd:

"We have been informed by a spectator that on last Tuesday a communication was received by the Commission, from Gen. Buel, requesting that no further conversation be allowed in the court room between the prisoners and their relatives and friends, during the recesses, without his written permission. After deliberation, the Court maintained its dignity and self respect, by refusing the request of Gen, Buel by a vote of four to three."

Gen. Chilton made a speech at the Memphis Convention, in which he said "that he had fought four years and a half in the Confederate army, and at the end was ready to fight forty years more, [but that having accepted the situation in good faith, there was no man more desirous and determined than himself to uphold the Government.] Northern newspapers, true to their instincts, leave out entirely the last portion of the sentence that we have placed in brackets.